

28 - *Single combat - Achilles*
29
HISTORY OF
LOCAL FOLLIES:

OR,
1995
COMMENTS upon the TIMES.

ADDRESSED TO THE
INHABITANTS *of the City of* WINCHESTER.

——— Sad Task, yet Argument
Not less but more heroic than the Wrath
Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice fugitive about Troy Wall; or Rage
Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd;
Or Neptune's Ire, or Juno's, that so long
Perplex'd the Greek and Cytherea's Son;
If answerable Style I can obtain,
Easy my unpremeditated Strain.

PAR. LOST. B. 9, L. 13.

S O U T H A M P T O N :

Printed for the AUTHOR; and sold by the Booksellers in Town
and Country. M,DCC,LXXXV.

HISTORY OF
LOCAL FOLKLORE:

OR
COMMENTS UPON THE TIMES.

ADDRESSED TO THE
FRIENDS OF THE
MUSEUM OF THE
CITY OF LONDON.



PRINTED BY
JOHN JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, LONDON.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE following pages, however the style in which they are written may seem to contradict the assertion, were never intended for publication. They were composed for the amusement of the author, and a few select friends. The first who had the perusal was of opinion that they might perhaps afford diversion to the public, and serve to oppose the intervention of party spirit in subjects unworthy of notice. No apology is necessary to any but the author; to him it will be made before publication.

They were advertised and are now printed under a title different to that which they bear in the manuscript, where they are styled "Bloody Wars of Delatouchburgatonia."—This may appear a hacknied tale; whether true or not is immaterial, as neither the editor nor author will ever be known.

HIS-

The following pages, however the style in which they are written may seem to contradict the assertion, were never intended for publication. They were composed for the amusement of the author, and a few select friends. The first who had the perusal was of opinion that they might perhaps afford diversion to the public, and serve to oppose the intervention of party spirit in topics unworthy of notice. No apology is necessary to any but the author; to him it will be made before publication.

They were advertised and are now printed under a title different to that which they bear in the manuscript, where they are styled "A Bloody War of Bismarckianism." This may appear a hacknied title, whether true or not is immaterial, as neither the editor nor author will ever be known.

HISTORY OF
LOCAL FOLLIES, &c.

A Learned and ingenious author has remarked, that true genius, unfeduced by the cabals and unalarmed by the dangers of faction, defies or neglects those events which destroy the peace of mankind, and often exerts its operations amidst the most violent commotions of a state. The earlier Italian writers, while their country was shaken by the intestine tumults of the Guelfes and Ghibelines, continued to produce original compositions both in verse and prose, which yet remain unrivalled. The age of Pericles
and

and of the Peloponnesian war was the same. Careless of those who governed or disturbed the world, and superior to the calamities of a quarrel in which two mighty leaders contended for the prize of universal dominion, Lucretius wrote his sublime Didactic Poem on the System of Nature, Virgil his *Bucolics*, and Cicero his book of Philosophy. The proscriptions of Augustus did not prevent the progress of Roman literature.

The author of the subsequent *Lucubrations* might justly dread the imputation of unwarrantable arrogance in attempting to cultivate the gentler arts of peace, while his country is harried by internal tumult and sedition, if the foregoing instances did not sufficiently evince that cool deliberation is by no means incompatible with riot and warfare.

In precisely the same situation as that in which Virgil and Lucretius wrote, “superior
“riot

“rior to the calamities of a quarrel in which
 “two mighty leaders contend for the prize of
 “universal dominion,” I venture to step
 forth into the vale of science, and to comment
 upon those accumulated miseries which have
 desolated our city,

“Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,
 “Such was the sov’reign doom and such the
 will of Jove.”

Lord Chesterfield, in the preface to his edition of Hammond’s Poems, declares, by a strange, artfully-twisted compliment, that his friend sat down to write what he thought, not to think what he should write.—Now I candidly acknowledge, and glory indeed in the declaration, that diametrically the reverse is my case—Oppressed with a redundancy of humor, or perhaps more properly of wit, I feel that the present occasion may be made use of as the means of bringing the prurient
 matter

matter to a head, and by a speedy suppuration may prevent the malady from pervading the whole system—perspiration, although the warm bath has repeatedly been prescribed to operate as a sudorific, was by no means capable of carrying off the peccant particles.

But although fully persuaded that I am this moment arrived at a most critical climacteric, and that some great attempt must now be made, I do solemnly protest that I am totally ignorant in what manner the catholicon which I have taken is to operate; whether my purgation is to be brought about through the medium of verse or prose,

—“Descend, ye Nine, descend and sing.”

—No—the haughty vixens will not budge an inch, and my poor broken-winded jade of a Rosinante Pegafus is too completely knocked up for me ever to think of cantering it up.

so

to steep a hill as that of Parnassus. But for this motive of humanity, I had it once in contemplation to convert the history of our misfortunes into a regular tragedy: This tragedy likewise, in conformity to the opinion of Monf. de Voltaire, was to have been written in rhyme; he having, with all that deep judgment and acute penetration which characterize the criticisms of his countrymen, discovered that it is just as easy to write blank verse as prose; and that the chief merit of an epic poem or a tragedy consists in bringing in the "cliquant" at the end of each line.—There surely can be no other method of preventing that tedious monotony which disgraces the plays of Shakespear when contrasted with those of Corneille!

An additional reason induced me, though not without the utmost reluctance, to drop my intention, being informed that a present

B

or

or recent calamity was an improper subject for dramatic composition. But what history could have afforded nobler opportunities for calling into action the essence, the very soul of tragedy, if the opinion of Aristotle be true, that the end of tragedy is to purge the mind by terror and pity?—

“’Tis true, ’tis pity—pity ’tis, ’tis true!”—

Come, then, thou style of matter of fact Chroniclers, be thou the vehicle for conveying to the world what would be offered with a far more adequate elegance by the hand of the Muse.

But some apology may perhaps be necessary for this arduous undertaking. It was a declaration of Cicero, and afterwards of Moliere, that though in his writings he satisfied every one else, he had never been able to please himself. Now as I can with truth

de-

declare that I never found much difficulty in that to which the abilities of the great Roman Orator were unequal, I trust that I shall not be accused of unjustifiable presumption in attempting the confessedly less difficult task of affording amusement to others.

One Zeuxis, who flattered himself with the idea of being a capital painter, despising the opinion of his contemporaries, only sought for the applause of posterity, and insolently exclaimed, "*In æternitatem pingo.*" But as my ambition is more circumscribed, and as I am only anxious of informing the present generation, leaving the next to take care of itself, I hope I may be excused the trouble and horror of relating at large those events, which cannot but be fresh in the recollection of every reader. Yet, as it will be of some service to the Duke of Richmond, when he composes his "*Treatise upon Military Dis-*

“cipline,” to be made acquainted with the nature of some weapons, which by a strange unaccountable fatality have not yet been introduced into the service of war, I imagine it will not be deemed either an uninformative or unamusing digression, if I deviate a little from the principle which I have just adopted, and expatiate for a few moments upon recent and familiar circumstances.

But lest, by having the edification of his Grace at the head of the Ordnance too much in view, I should become a tedious and unsupportable annalist, I shall content myself with relating one particular combat, which proved fatal to the most renowned of the Amazons, and from which a general and indeed circumstantial idea may be formed of every similar catastrophe. Willingly would I here dedicate a page to the encomiastic recital of this lady's virtues, but, alas! the
marble

marble of her monument cannot shine brighter from the polish of my praise.—Did living merit fall within the compass of my eulogy, a sprig of the same laurel which flourishes round the tomb of the deceased, should bloom upon the brow of the survivor.

The author of one of the most just and elegant criticisms which this or any other country has produced, reprehends Tacitus and Davila, for not sometimes attributing the most important events to causes apparently insignificant, to petty passions, to whim and caprice. Not to fall into a similar error, it may perhaps be proper, to carry our ideas back to a period antecedent to that of which I have undertaken the history.

A certain spirit of violence and contention seems for some time to have been insinuating
itself

itself into those counsels which appeared the least susceptible of any diversity in opinion. No contested election had called into action the exertions of those tumultuous wits, which our mixed climate have been found to produce in such abundance. The Westminster scrutiny, and the Taylor of Brighthelmstone, were transactions too remote for the employment of our local genius.

This turbulent lust of controversy seems first to have discovered itself in a memorable cabal between the members of two most erudite and respectable professions. Pharmacy imagined that her dignity had been insulted, and that her "constitutional" privileges had been invaded, by the illegal participations of intruding Chymistry. With that spirit of warm and unpremeditated vengeance which should ever guide the decisions of science, judging reason too dull a tribunal for genius

to

to apply to, the respective votaries of clashing interests rushed to the conflict. But feeling each other's pulses, it was found that the fever had subsided: It was succeeded by a sensation, which, from the "trembling" with which it was accompanied, appeared to be something of the ague-kind; and which operated so powerfully upon their nerves, as to produce an almost immediate accommodation.

But this was merely a trifling effusion. The phrenzy had not yet attained its paroxysm. To fill the measure of folly, and to carry absurdity to that ultimate boundary towards which it had by gradual approximations been so long advancing, was reserved for the efforts of one JOHN DUNCE, a native of the parish of Gotham.

Instigated by I know not what principle
of

of petulant ambition, he rushed from the quiet of inoffensive retirement, forsook that dwelling in which he had long vegetated, unknown and unknown, and daringly intruded himself upon the notice of an insulted public. Glowing perhaps with the fanatic zeal of acquiring to himself and his family some portion of renown; anxious

“ ——— To give to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name;”

He bade loud defiance to decency and to propriety, forced himself into that contempt which his obscurity had prevented, and openly solicited that shame which a less daring soul would have been cautious to avoid.

“ He raging for revenge,
With *Até* by his side, came hot from Hell,
Did in these confines with a catch-poll’s voice
Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war.”

Mc-

Methinks I behold the horse of Caligula called from his ignoble stable to be made the Consul of Rome; or Madame de Puis' old tabby cat setting all Paris in an uproar!

Of our hero I had collected, with indefatigable perseverance, the most authentic materials for composing a history, and had promised it to the world under the title of "Anecdotes of the Birth, Parentage, Education, Life, and Death of JOHN DUNCE, who was executed on Wednesday the 2d of June, 1785, pursuant to his sentence, for the wilful and malicious Murder of COMMON SENSE, including a new and improved edition of his last Dying Speech and Confession, circulated by an error of the press under the title of his Vindication; with explanatory Notes and Illustrations by the Editor." Reasons, however, perhaps of too delicate and tender a nature, (but it

C

was

was an amiable weakness!) induced me to suppress the publication: But as I am informed that his ghost has lately been seen with most cadaverous aspect hovering over our theatre; and that with a strange revival of malignancy it has begun to haunt the habitation of a poor inoffensive printer, I pledge myself not long to detain from the public these interesting Memoirs, (of which I fortunately preserve the manuscript) if no other method can be devised of laying this troublesome and meddling spectre.—Change of air in a journey to *Coventry* has in no respect purified the surviving branches of the family.

One circumstance it would however be injurious to the cause of virtue any longer to conceal, because it so forcibly inculcates the observance of a principal moral duty—like most of those unhappy wretches, who
have

have come to the same untimely end, in his last address to the populace, just before he was turned off, he attributed all the sins of his past life, and more particularly the commission of his last rash deed, to having been led astray at a very early age by the seductions of bad women.

To palliate however, in some degree, the grossness of his conduct, it is but doing justice to his memory to acknowledge, that his faculties had been for some time considerably impaired; and that a disordered brain had hurried him into the perpetration of what a better regulated intellect would have prevented.

His mania was not of that kind distinguished by the name of "Hydrophobia," for during its most violent exacerbations he is said to have imbibed large and repeated draughts

draughts of cold water, and was once fortunately intercepted as he was rashly making towards a fish-pond. Neither was it of any other species which I find described in the most particular treatises upon this disorder. His countenance discovered a most wonderful union of the different characteristic marks of expression in Cibber's two celebrated statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness; and a third partaking the properties of both, and composed of the same materials which I take to be "Lead," would give a very exact idea of what my descriptive powers are unable to represent. An attested case, with every, the most minute incident which can possibly throw light upon the subject, is now before Dr. Munroe, and I hope in the next edition of my works to favour the physical world with his opinion. The only disorder in the slightest respect similar, of which I remember to have met with any account, is that which

in

in the reign of Lyfimachus raged for some months in Abdera. May we not indeed, from Lucian's description of its symptoms, judge it to have been the same?—The Andromeda of Euripides had been acted there in a remarkably hot summer, and many of the spectators came out of the theatre in a high fever, having their imaginations so violently affected with the tragedy, that a delirium ensued, in the ravings of which they appeared continually haunted with the presence of Andromeda, Perseus, Medusa, &c. and ran roaring about the streets with what was called the “fever of the play-house.” It seems rational to argue in favour of this hypothesis, for it is as such merely that I advance it, from analogy of mental capacity, as Cicero, in his book of the nature of the Gods, has told us, “that the Abderites were affected “with a peculiar innate stupidity of mind:”

▲ discriminating circumstance, in my opinion

nion, worthy of most particular attention ! It seems indeed to mark the disorder beyond any possibility of error ; in almost every other instance it having been the happy lot of dullness to be safe from this dreadful calamity. Vossius affirms, that “ *Infania non cadit in crassos et pituitosos, nedum in vervecea capita.* ” Madness does not act upon thick-pated, muddy-brained, calf-headed dunces.

A singular fact shall conclude this episodic excrecence : Seldom has reason been sufficiently powerful to counteract the charms of novelty ; yet here for once she triumphed. The attempt of this illiterate cream-coloured usurper was not even countenanced by the approbation of a single congenial dolt. Boileau says,

Un sot trouve toujours un plus sot qui
l'admire.”

“ That

“That even shadows have their shadows
 “too;”—but this man exposed himself publicly as an original, and the most servile copier deemed him unworthy of imitation. Junius declares that there is a period of enormity, and consequently of folly, at which bad examples cease to be contagious.

Having in this preliminary and necessary digression recurred to the primary causes of dissension, and discovered them to have originated in the indispensable nature of things; we now proceed to what is more professedly the subject of our present enquiry.

That long night of horror and confusion which we have incidentally discussed, was at length interrupted by a momentary gleam of light. But, alas! this was only the sudden coruscation of a flash, which preceded and foretold the thundering tempest which was

to

to ensue. Black clouds condensed thicker than before, and the jar of elements seemed to prognosticate the dissolution of nature!

7:28
Feb. 16 A few occasional skirmishes in straggling rencontres had accustomed the combatants to the use of those weapons which in the late general action they wielded with such fatal facility.—A long and intimate acquaintance with the face of the country had enabled Bourgatton to take all those advantages which rising ground, the shelter of a wood, and an easy intercourse for forage, afford to an encamped army. Touchalde, a stranger in the place, was less fortunate in this material point; but the disadvantage was in some measure compensated by his extraordinary prudence and foresight. Like Philopomen, as described by Plutarch and Livy, "he possessed a mind ever intent upon his
" profession. When in any journey he came

" to

"to a difficult pass he was accustomed to
 "consider what he must have done if in that
 "place he had been met by his enemy. He
 "would then reflect what ground he should
 "take, what number of soldiers he should use,
 "and what arms he should give them; where
 "lodge his baggage and the useless followers
 "of his camp." He would then deliberate in
 "his own mind, whether it would be better
 "to press forward along the pass, or recover by
 "retreat his former station. With these
 "thoughts and with these disquisitions he
 "had from his early years so exercised his
 "mind, that upon such occasions nothing
 "could happen which he had not already
 "been used to consider." When through in-
 tense application his intellects began to grow
 clouded, a tune upon that little professional
 instrument, which, like a vade mecum, was

D

his

his constant companion, immediately dissipated the mist.

"De peur de l'écouter, Pan fuit dans les
"Roseaux.

"Et les nymphes, d'effroi, se cachent sous
les eaux.

Boil. L'Art Poët.

In every other respect the Generals were nearly upon a level. They both possessed in an eminent degree that quality which Lucan attributes to Cæsar—"Nescia virtus
"stare loco;"—an active brisk elasticity of
pump, which would not suffer them to be
quiet. —

The armies were now encamped within
sight of each other, and passed in horrid sus-
pence that night which to many was to prove
the last of existence. At break of day a mes-
senger

fenger with a flag of truce was dismissed from Touchalde to Bourgaton, declaring that
 " priusquam dimicent, opus esse colloquio :
 " si secum congressus sit, satis scire ea se allaturum quæ nihilo minus ad rem Bourgatoniam quam ad Touchaldam pertineant."
 Bourgaton did not judge it polite to reject this overture for a parley, and a meeting was accordingly agreed upon. In a middle space between both armies the two Generals came to an eclaircissement.

"Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant."

" A sudden silence *sounded* through the throng," when Touchalde thus addressed his rival—

" Trust me, Bourgaton, pity it were

" And great offence, to kill

" Any of these our harmless men,

" For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,

"And set our men aside—

"Accurs'd be he, Bourgatou said,

"By whom this is deni'd."

A mutual bow of assent ratified the treaty.
But the spirit of the departed Withrington
breathing upon the Council of War which
attended, they with one voice exclaimed,
that they would not have it told to their
disgrace

"That e'er their Captains fought on foot,

"And they stood looking on."

It seemed moreover the unanimous opinion,
that subordinate champions should be ap-
pointed, as the two leaders being without
issue, in case of their death, doubts might
arise about the succession. "*Forté in duobus*
"*tum exercitibus,*" it happened that in both
armies

armies there were three sisters "nec ætate,
 "nec viribus dispares," of equal years and
 equal strength, "Cum trigeminis agitur, ut
 "pro suo quæque duce dimicent ferro;"
 these were appointed to vindicate the cause
 of their leaders, who were mutually bound by
 the strongest oaths that "ibi imperium fore,
 "unde victoria fuerit," that the present con-
 test should decide the fate of empire. Having
 previously sacrificed with due solemnity at the
 shrine of the Goddess Cloacina, the heroines
 entered the lists, "in medium inter duas
 "acies procedunt." An awful pause preceded
 the conflict: a calm which seemed to indicate
 that nature herself was hushed to repose in
 anxious suspense waiting that interesting
 event upon which her own existence seemed
 almost to depend.—The delegated champions
 were protected by the most earnest prayers of
 their respective armies. Guy Earl of War-
 wick was not more an object of veneration,
 when

when he marched forth to encounter the gigantic Colbrand—the Horatii and Curiatii were not encouraged by more hearty plaudits from the Roman and Alban multitudes—

The words of Livy in describing this latter event were in every respect so apposite to my purpose, that I could not refrain from occasionally transcribing them;* they seemed to convey my own sentiments in a different language.—It is pleasing to contemplate the similarity of sentiment and expression, when great geniuses write upon similar subjects!!—I shall as I proceed point out other passages, in which we seem to have formed precisely

* Il fut toujours permis de s'aider de l'esprit des autres, pourveu qu'on ne le fasse point en plagiaire, ce qui constitue le plagiaire, c'est de donner l'ouvrage d'autrui comme son propre ouvrage.

Reflex. Critiques sur la Poësie.

the

the same ideas. From this circumstance, an additional argument, if any were necessary, might be drawn in favor of my qualifications for this historiographical undertaking.

The signal of battle mutually agreed upon, was the first note in the celebrated martial fandango of Country Bumpkin; and confusion had nearly ensued from a mistake, which might have proved of the most fatal consequence to both parties. The sudden snapping of the base string in a certain instrument, which according to the indispensable rules of his order, General Bourgatton, as well as his adversary, constant'ly carried in his side coat pocket, was understood as the sound of command. Fortunately the standard was dropt between the combatants in time to prevent any further inconvenience than an exchange of two black eyes, and an equal proportion of broken shins, which
upon

upon the principle of a give and take were judged proper to be overlooked by both parties. At length the signal struck up "Da-
 "tur signum: infestisque armis, velut acies,
 "ternæ, magnorum exercituum animos ge-
 "rentes, concurrunt; nec his nec illis pe-
 "riculum suum." The accumulated souls of each army seemed by a temporary metempsychosis to animate their champions—a more generous principle than private danger braced their nerves—

Each adds the common welfare to her own,
 And each unconquer'd breast the strength
 of all acquires."

Alternately did the leaders stand upon the tiptoe of expectation, and sink gradually into despair; at other times they seemed poised in the most exact balancer.

upon

Libra

Libra trembled while she held the scales in which their fates were suspended; which Jupiter perceiving, rushed himself into the Zodiac, and snatching them from her hand, examined with his own right eye their minutest trepidations.

“Jupiter ipse duas æquato examine lances

“Sustinet, et fata imponit diversa duorum:

“Quem damnet labor et quo vergat pondere
“lethum.”

Æn. 12. 725.

Cicero complains that when he commenced his philosophical treatises, he was continually at a loss about the technical terms, with which his language, but ill adapted to the subject, did not abundantly supply him.—Our own vernacular idiom, from its Teutonic origin, and by partaking the advantageous properties of almost every other lan-

E

guage,

guage, is admirably calculated for describing the generality of transactions, and more particularly the clangor of the rougher kinds of war; but it seems somewhat defective in those little inexpressible niceties, and elegancies of diction, which particular circumstances require.—The names of “Kit, Fiddle, Tabor, “and Pipe,” would cut no very respectable figure in a page, wherein the sound would wish to be an echo to the sense; and I hope for the indulgence of the reader, if my style should sometimes fall beneath the dignity of my subject.—

The elder heroine exhausted with fatigue, and sinking under repeated wounds, fell prostrate on the ground; her beautiful neck most fatally pitching upon the edge of some too-well rosin'd fiducial bows (implements of war in vulgar phraseology, styled “fiddle “sticks,”) which were planted in a traverse form,

form, something like the common "chevaux
 "de frise" her head was in an instant severed
 from her body.—Like the dreadful Camilla,
 this Amazonian virgin fell, after deeds which
 almost stagger credulity herself—

"She sinks, she swoons, *she scarcely draws her
 breath,*

And all around her swim the shades of death.

Pitt's Æn.

"Labitur exsanguis: labuntur frigida letho
 Lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit."

Æn. 11. 818.

But the ruling principle survived in death,
 and her lips continued instinctively that un-
 ceasing motion, to which they had been al-
 ways accustomed—a motion which was dis-
 cernible long after articulation had ceased—

"Tum frigida toto

Paulatim exsolvit se corpore, lentaq; colla

*Et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens :
Vitaq; cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras."*

Æn. 11. 828.

"In thick short sobs the vital spirits fly—
The head look'd on, and saw the body die.
Sorrowing it sigh'd—O woful piteous sight !
Then sunk indignant, and exclaim'd "good night."

Eager to resent the wrongs of one not more nearly related to her by the ties of consanguinity than by those of love and affection, and irritated, as is supposed, by the twinges of a corn, upon which the closing teeth of the uncarcased scull had in the pangs of death thought proper to apply a stimulus; the younger sister immediately

("O what a deal of scorn look'd beautiful
In the contempt and anger of her lip;")

Tw. Night.

with

with an equal portion of fury and dexterity, so nicely directed her fatal weapon to the nasal promontory of her antagonist's face, that the strings familiarized to the production of sound, fixing somewhat forcibly round the cartilaginous substance, called forth a melody equal to that which came from his Satanical Majesty, when St. Dunstan, in consequence of some impertinent intrusion, took hold of him by the same part with a pair of red-hot pincers. In an agony of pain "*unum exserta latus pugnæ*," with her arm up-reared and breast half naked for battle, she rushed violently between the ranks of the opposite army, and the instrument, still vibrating in the most exact equipoise, fixed its extremities upon two female leaders of distinction, and tore from their sockets those brilliant luminaries, which could glance with equal facility the leer of amorous acquiescence and the lightning of revenge.—Who could behold

behold without horror the viola, calculated for the nicest harmony, made thus the unnatural instrument of discord! fixed with clotted gore upon the nose of a heroine, like a ring upon the snout of a swine, and bearing at each end the pendant eyes of weeping beauties!—Irritated at this outrage, the armies now no longer viewed in silent suspense the engagement of their champions, but a mutual violation of that oath which they had reciprocally taken, hurried them at the same individual moment into that general slaughter which the prudent foresight of the Council of War had endeavoured to prevent. In vain did both Commanders use every exertion to restore order—the shrieks of the wounded and screams of hysterical warriors deadened every other sound—* Like streams of conflicting fire, they joined furiously in the contest.

* *ὅτε οἱ μὴ μαρτυροῦντες ἀλλήλους πύρρον ἐκβόησαν*

Ili. xiii. 673.

Anxious to discover the situation of his followers, and that from a superior eminence, he might examine the field of battle, General Bourgatton was under the necessity of jumping upon the top of a drum, to elevate himself above the level of the surrounding soldiery;—an expedient which became necessary, from his not having taken the precaution of General Touchalde, who had wisely provided himself with a stilt-like pair of heels.—The parchment having perhaps been too much beaten, or unaccustomed to such a pressure, on a sudden burst in sunder, and closing upon our hero, he was for some time lost to the view of his friends.—Thus opens the ocean when Neptune strikes with his trident—the waves part at his touch, and receive into their bosom the presence of their God!—In vain was he searched for throughout the field—in vain were the greatest rewards proclaimed for his recovery.—The minds of his

army

army were depressed with a stubborn kind of dejection, from which the alertness of the second in command was unable to rouse them. They seem to have had something of that kind of fullen spirit, which Pandarus suspected in the horses of Æneas—that they would run restiff and not obey the reins in any other hand than that of their master.

“Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat
Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
That all was lost.”

Par. Lost.

His firmest, most intrepid allies began to sink under their calamity, and victory had nearly declared in favour of his rival, when a voice as of the cherub choir, thus warbled upon his ear—“*Eudmo*

“*Atque ut:*”—Art thou asleep, O son of thy
“mother?—Cheered with the sound, he
fum-

summoned all his strength into one violent exertion, and by a most fortunate caper overturning the fatal cause of his concealment, crept forth, to the amazement of all men, like Diogenes out of his tub—his soldiers then

“Came flocking, but with looks

Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appear’d

Obscure, some glimpse of joy t’have found their chief

Not in despair.”

Par. Lost.

The grateful news was soon spread through the troops by the loudest acclamations of “Ecce homo—here he is”—and an universal *Entre chat* expressed the sincerity of their attachment.—But too sudden a transition from despair had nearly proved fatal to their success—eager to express their loyalty in early congratulations, they neglected opportunities which the enemy was enabled to seize, and a scene of carnage and confusion ensued—

F

“Then

"Then Bourgatton's huge mighty soul was prov'd
 That in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
 Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war :
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd
 To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
 Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage—
 So when an angel, by divine command,
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
 Such as of late o'er pale Wintonia past,
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast :
 And pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Addis. Camp, novo edit.

Unmoved amidst the tumults of war, he
 thus rallied his discomfited troops, and lead-
 ing them to the assault, made one of the
 best conducted, vigorous attacks which the
 most experienced veterans ever remember
 to have been engaged in—

He

“He stood

With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies ; his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noon tide air.”

Par. Lost.

Thrice was the truncheon kit seized from the hand of Touchalde, and thrice was it recoverd by the gens d'armes, who composed his body-guard—The immense shield of the valiant Hectorina, composed of the entire back of a well-seasoned double-base, and fastened to her arm by thongs of the toughest catgut, was unable to protect her from the violence of fate.—A gloomy black pin of monstrous proportions, equal to the scimitar of a death's-head hussar, fixed to the extremity of a hollow foraminous fistular instrument, commonly denominated a pipe, was with the collected force of an antique batter-

ing ram so wonderfully impelled as to penetrate the scutum—

“The griding steel with discontinuous wound
Pals’d through her.”

Par. Loff.

It pierced the heart and touched the spinal marrow of this heroic Amazon—forcing moreover its way through the back part of her whale-bone coat of mail, it transfixes with the same stroke one of her most rancorous enemies, who, it is suspected, had basely stolen behind, with the intention of finishing her by a back blow.

Thus death, which levels all distinctions, joined at length in the closest union those who through life had been the most inveterate opponents!—From this circumstance, however, she met her fate with satisfaction, and seemed to breathe away her soul with some degree of consolation. While she grasped it:

her

her hands the torn locks and flesh-surrounded teeth of her by whose hand she expired, grinning horribly a ghastly smile, she triumphantly exclaimed, in the dying words of Ludbrog, "Ridens moriar."

Little did she foresee the honor to which these sources of her consolation would one day arrive.—The hair has attained a dignity almost equal to that of Berenice's lock; by a terrestrial apotheosis, it now produces an harmony equal to the music of the spheres, being put into Dr. Burney's celebrated antique fiddlestick. The teeth have acquired a no less enviable celebrity: Being turned by an ingenious mechanic into screws, they are now employed to tighten the strings of Sir John Hawkins's favourite Cremona.—A gentleman of consummate taste, and upon whose veracity I can rely, has lately seen them, and assures me, that they have not lost any of their

their original beauty by the transposition; but that in their present office they nearly resemble those pieces of ebony which are generally made use of for such purposes.—It was originally in contemplation to have complimented the Sieur Gallini with the use of them for the bobbins of his newly improved hurdy-gurdy; but an unlucky pun upon the word “grinding” deprived that gentleman of the intended honor.

But we have been drawn from our subject by this unavoidable digression; and before I return to it, will take the opportunity of pointing out that “*curiosa felicitas*,” that happy knack, by which a moral sentiment is occasionally introduced into my narrative. A fascinating writer, in one of the happiest allusions that ever was made, compares this unlooked for satisfaction to the pleasure which we experience, when in wandering
through

through a wilderness or grove, we unexpectedly meet at the turning of a walk with the statue of some Virtue or Muse.

Fortune had for some time smiled upon the Bourgatonian corps: but as "there is a tide "in the affairs of men, which taken at "its height leads on to happiness," so this tide consists of an alternate ebb and flow.* Success can seldom be of long duration—the natural revolution of seasons makes a milder temperature of the year to be succeeded by the storms of winter; and adversity generally treads close upon the heels of inordinate prosperity—

* Οὐτως παρὰ λυγρὴν γέλυτος-θαύρα·

Οὐτῶς θυελλὰ τῆς θαλάσσης ηὐρυχῆς·

Οὐτῶς σκεπτεῖται νύξ φαινήσῃ ἡμέρῃ·

Οὐτῶς χιὼν χεῖμαίνοντος ἀνθῶν ἔαρος·

Hunting. Monoff. Sec. Coll. p. 22

O foden wo, that ever art successour
 To worldly blis, spreint is with bitternesse
 Th' ende of the joye of our worldly labour:
 Wo occupieth the fyn of our gladnesse.
 Upon thy glade day have in thy minde
 The unware wo of harm, that cometh behind."

Chau. Cant. Tales. l. 4841.

The Bourgatoniens, flushed with a temporary advantage, and heedless of danger, fell into a disorder, which like that of the French armies at the battles of Poitiers and Agincourt, was partly occasioned by the impossibility of keeping so immense a multitude in proper discipline. In the utmost confusion, hands across and back again, they mingled indiscriminately with their enemies, and it was at last impossible to discover friend from foe. In vain were the standards displayed by the respective Commanders—thick clouds of dust and powder rendered it impossible to distinguish the ensign of Touchalde from that of Bour-

Bourgaton. On the former was represented a farrago of professional implements, over which the word "Seminary" was blazoned forth in large golden letters. On the latter, a fac simile from the plate in Milton's Paradise Lost, representing a falling angel, between whose hands was suspended a label bearing the following explicative inscription, "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."—A miniature engraving of this figure, reversed, with some few other alterations, has lately been presented to those who fought under its banner.

Every reader must have observed, from the birth-day ball at St. James's to the country hop of a Whitfun-wake, what a natural connexion exists between the animal spirits of the dancers and those of the gentlemen of the orchestre. The dulness of the former was upon a certain occasion in the last year so

extremely overpowering, that the musicians were seized with a congenial drowsiness, and nasal music gradually succeeded to the instrumental.—I relate this curious anecdote, to prepare my readers for an event which might otherwise have appeared to them somewhat unnatural; but which I trust has now been philosophically accounted for.

Whether the first symptoms of a sleepy heaviness discovered themselves in the band, which during the whole of the conflict, occupying the place of trumpets, drums, and fifes, had encouraged the combatants by the most martial jigs, cotillons, and gavots—or whether, on the contrary, a remissness of fury in the warriors had imparted an equal tardiness of motion to the fiddlesticks, I have not been able, after the most minute investigation, to determine. Suffice it to say, that to all appearance, at the same identical instant,

all

all was hushed in peace—the soldiers ceased to wield their reeking weapons, and the orchestres to harmonize their fiddles.

At the commencement of this bloody affray, the briskest airs had animated the troops—towards the conclusion, softer notes of slower tunes had been observed to creep in, and the last sound which could be distinctly heard was the mild music of the Minuet de la Cour.—This well authenticated fact strongly contradicts the assertion of those, who attributing the matter to the interference of supernatural means, have affirmed that the pause was sudden, and not gradual.—The effect, however, was the same;—an universal chorus of audible slumbering respiration echoed through those roofs which had scarcely ceased to reverberate the clashing din of arms.

Every breeze had been for some time hushed in silence, when the gentlest of the

zephyrs dared at last to breathe forth his half-stifled softest strain; an Eolian harp, suspended in an adjoining myrtle tree, caught the passing gale, and whispering forth its smooth enchanting melody, imparted a sympathetic movement to the vibrating cords of each violin.

“ With slacken’d wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o’er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle; by the number’d notes
Possessed, and satiate with the melting tone;
Sovereign of birds. The furious God of War
His darts forgetting and the rapid wheels
That bear him vengeful o’er the embattled plains,
Relents and sooths his own fierce heart to ease,
Most welcome ease.”

Akens. p. 380.

The fierce daughters of Mars were at length awakened by the harmony of placid Lydian airs—

“ Oh!

“ Oh ! it came o’er them like the sweet south wind
Fanning a bed of violets.”

In the most elegant “ pasgraves ” they sunk
along the plain, and each retired peaceably
to her own habitation—

“ All Heav’n
And happy constellations on that hour
Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
Gave signs of gratulation, and each hill—
Joyous the birds, fresh gales and gentle airs
Whisper’d it to the woods, and from their wings
Flung rose, flung odours.”

Par. Left.

The gallant Hectorina was next morning
interred with all military honours. Arthur’s
round table will be revived in respect to her
memory, and tilts and tournaments, with
martial allemandes, are annually to be cele-
brated at her grave—“ not a passenger goes
by, without stopping to cast a look upon it,
and

and sighing as he walks on—Alas! poor Hectorina.”

“Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores; animamq; vagantem
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.”

Æn. VI. 883.

Ye virgins, here your earliest garlands strew—
The damask rose, and lily-mingled yew—
Mine be the task, *unutterable* groans
To pour melodious o'er her mould'ring bones.

I cannot give my readers a more adequate idea of the solemnity of her funeral, than by referring them to a celebrated letter of Mons. de Marmontel, describing a different, though equally august ceremony. And I wish to be the more particular in my present account, as it may serve to prove the superiority of our taste in the present century to that which prevailed in the middle ages—when a feast, we are told,

told, was celebrated in many churches, and particularly at Rouen, called the Feast of the As; upon which occasion, *an As*, richly drest, was brought before the altar, the priest singing this anthem, “Eh, eh Sire Ane! eh, “eh, eh Sire Ane!”*

I am fully persuaded that the dulness of my style will be infinitely more striking, when contrasted with the fervor of this elegant foreigner's description. I am uncertain whether I borrow the idea of any other writer, when I say, that the grandeur of his diction, forcing itself through the gross incumbrance of a translation, will still preserve its innate dignity; and, like Ulysses in the cottage of the poor Eumæus, will even in disguise discover the hero.—“What interests “only the imagination, (exclaims the enrap-

* Essay on Pop., vol. 1. p. 183, note.

“tured

"tured writer) can easily be described—what
 "affects and penetrates the soul who can
 "paint?—it is impossible—to form any con-
 "ception of it, it must be seen!—*The General*,
 "richly drest, heads the procession—the mul-
 "titude encompass the idol of their hopes;
 "they press round his car—the air resounds
 "as he passes with the prayers and praises
 "of his vassals.—But all this prelude worthy
 "of the solemnity, nay not even the solemn-
 "nity itself in all its awful splendor, would
 "have been the object of your astonishment.
 "You would have seen our leader with that
 "easy grace which paints the candour of his
 "soul, without pride, without ostentation,
 "not the least appearance of vain glory or
 "of vanity, in the midst of splendor too apt
 "to intoxicate, preserving that becoming
 "dignity which forms the just decorum of
 "his station. This august spectacle (con-
 "tinues the incomparable Marmontel) defies
 all

“ all powers of description.—An African was
 “ almost as much affected by it as we—yes—
 “ the Envoy of Tripoli, the Grand Plenipoten-
 “ tiary dropt his instrument of death—at
 “ that moment he became a Frenchman—I
 “ was near him, and saw him bathed in
 “ tears.” *——I shall here, for the present,
 conclude the historical part of this treatise,
 by reminding the world of what Pliny has
 said—“ *Intelligitur plus semper quam pingi-*
 “ *gitur; et cum ars summa sit, ingenium*
 “ *tamen ultra artem est*†—Something more
 “ is always understood than what is expressed;
 “ however exquisite the execution may be, the
 “ imagination will go infinitely beyond it.”

But as persons of no taste, and of judg-
 ment equally contemptible, have with that

* Marmontel's Letter from Rheims.

† Lib. xxxv. c. 10.

supercilious sneer which is more apt to confound than to confute, endeavoured to ridicule the subject of debate, and to depreciate the dignity of that science which has lately involved us in such unforeseen calamities; it shall be my endeavour to vindicate the profession from the illiberal aspersions of those, who possessing the dull phlegmatic indifference of a Dutch burgomaster, have sided with neither party; and are what Shakespeare terms "men of no mark or likelihood." But in order to preserve the impartiality of the historian inviolate, I shall lay before my reader the different arguments which this controversy has at various times given rise to, still keeping in view the observation of the candid author of an Apology for some Monstrophics which seem only to have required a vindication—"that it is serving the
 "cause of truth, to endeavour, however in-
 "effectually, to detect that imposition, whe-
 "ther

“ther in letters or in actions, which is criminal in itself, and pernicious in its consequences.”*

Let it be remembered, that the noblest acquisitions of human nature have been decried by ignorance and folly—that malignant snarlers have reprobated philosophy, as a profane study—that poetry was banished by Plato from his imaginary republic—and that even in later and more speculative times, the marvellous science of aerostation was calumniated and derided, until its utility had been so fully evinced by a repetition of the most incontrovertible experiments.

In entering upon our present disquisition the learned reader will undoubtedly call to

mind the expressive words of Cicero upon this occasion, " Omnes etenim artes quæ ad
 " humanitatem pertinent commune quoddam
 " habent vinculum, et quasi cognatione inter
 " se continentur;" which, for the benefit of
 country gentlemen, I beg leave thus para-
 phrastically to render into modern English—
 " Grimaldi, Dr. Graham, Katterfelto, and
 " Vestrìs, are all related to each other by the
 " ties of scientific consanguinity." He will
 also recollect what has been declared by Ter-
 tullian, as cited by Junius, that " nulla ars
 " non alterius aut mater aut propinqua est
 " —that dancing is either own sister or
 " cousin-german to philosophy." The num-
 ber of similar testimonies, which might easily
 be adduced from Dionysius of Halicarnassus,
 from Quinctilian, from Cicero, and indeed
 from almost every author, both ancient and
 modern, would swell this little volume to
 an

an unwieldy bulk. I should not have said so much upon the subject, if it had not appeared a proper occasion for the exertion of ingenuity; it being an old observation, that "nothing is more difficult of proof than a self-evident proposition."

The French word "danfer," to dance, is, we are told, derived from the Latin word "denfare," to thicken. Critics differ about the cause of its derivation—some have imagined that it proceeded from the effect which this diversion has sometimes been found to have, of making people dull and stupid—others, with more appearance of reason, conjecture, that it obtained its name from the thick clustering groups, into which dancers sometimes form themselves.—But in a manuscript note of Dr. Arbuthnot's, now in my possession, the actual origin of this strange denomination seems to be clearly traced.—

Martinus

Martinus Scriblerus tells us, in a quotation from Ælian, that the Lybian mares were excited to procreation by the sound of music—the Doctor, pursuing the idea here suggested, is of opinion, that the introduction of dancing may be carried back to a feast of Pan or Bacchus, celebrated in Greece; at which the various gestures and gesticulations of the young men, accompanied by brisk and lively tunes, operated so powerfully upon the susceptibility of the ladies, that a general thickens or protuberance was the unavoidable consequence. This opinion, however, he modestly acknowledges himself willing to resign, if a better can be advanced; but it seems fully confirmed by the Saxon word “*tumbletere*,” a female dancer, derived from the verb “*tumban*,” to *tumble*.

Ephraim Chambers informs us that the antients had three kinds of dances—the Em-melia—

melia—the Cordax—and the Siccinis; but
 of these there undoubtedly were various mo-
 difications.—The armed dance called the
 Pyrrhica, some pretend to have been taught
 to the Cretans by Neoptolemus, son of
 Achilles; but according to mythology, the
 Curetes first invented it to amuse the infant
 Jupiter; and that by the clash of swords
 beating against bucklers, they might drown
 the little gentleman's cries, when squeaking
 in his cradle—this appears perfectly probable,
 for modern dance has still something in it,
 which is enough to make any child laugh.—
 It is unnecessary to point out to a reader of
 taste, that the second of these antique dances,
 the Cordax, conveying in its very sound the
 idea of a heart-burn, or stomach ache, is that
 of which Arburthnot has discovered the ori-
 gin.—There was likewise a very old dance
 of horses, the invention of which, I find, at-
 tributed to the Sybarites. The learned Dr.

Bentley

Bentley was of opinion that a typographical inaccuracy had here ruined the original reading—a curious manuscript of his had changed the animal, and substituted *asses*. But I am decidedly of opinion, and I speak under the sanction of the greatest names, that too absolute a reliance upon this manuscript has misled the venerable primate of verbal critics. Homer has actually mentioned a dance of this kind*—and Longinus, in his treatise upon the Sublime, commenting upon that passage in the poet, which describes the celebrated caper cut by one of Jupiter's horses, pledges his veracity, that there was not space sufficient in the largest assembly-room of Olympus to have taken two more such leaps.*

* Τοσόντων επιδρωσάμενος θεῶν ὑψηλὰς ἵπποις.

† ὅτι αὐτὸς διὰ τῆς εὐφροσύνης οἱ τῶν θεῶν ἵπποι καὶ εὐρησθῆναι ἐν κόσμῳ τεύχον.

Sect. IX.

These

These assembly-rooms were probably something in the style of Sir Sydney Meadows' riding school in May-fair, but of much larger proportions. Hence new light is thrown upon an obscure and extraordinary part of history—and a sufficient apology is made for Caligula, who instead of promoting a mere horse to the Consulship, perhaps advanced a *maitre de danser* to that honorable eminence.

The Roman faith in obtaining proselytes, undoubtedly derived many advantages from the precise puritanism of the reformed church, which, through an absurd scruple, forbade to its members the harmless amusement of dancing. It seems at this period not to have been understood, that true religion is no moping system of unnatural mortifications, no fullen refusal of the good things of this world, but a lively principle of animated devotion—an innocent enjoyment of blessings,

I

which

which were not bestowed for us to reject.—
But I perceive that we have been betrayed
unawares into a serious expostulation, which
might perhaps have been better timed.

Schoockius, with whom I am only acquainted through the medium of my ingenious friend Monf. Pierre Bayle, an author to whom some modern writers are more frequently indebted than they choose to acknowledge, judges dancing to be a good and commendable recreation in the Netherlands and other similar climates, because it prevents gaming and drinking after meals; yet in what may appear a strange contradiction, he approves the regulation of the church of Geneva, which by forbidding it, has suppressed many enormities which before were every day committed. It was customary, he says, “*Puellas virgines intempestivâ nocte,*
“*sine ullo custode ad choreas quocunque vel-*
“*lent,*

“lent, abducere, et quamdiu vellent, in fæ-
 “dissimis atq; obscœnissimis gesticulationibus,
 “quovis anni tempore, prætextu chorearum
 “usq; ad nauseam fatigare.” Having un-
 fortunately mislaid my Latin dictionary, I
 am deprived the satisfaction of annexing a
 translation of this last quoted passage, but I
 have every reason to believe from the context,
 that it is perfectly applicable to our present
 subject.—Lambert Daneau, in the “*Traité*
 “*des Danſes*” attributed to him, declares that
 the Devil never invented a more effectual
 snare than dancing to fill the world with
 whoredom—a word infinitely too gross for
 me to transcribe, if it did not serve effectually
 to expose the grossness of this man’s ideas.—
 His arguments, it must be acknowledged, are
 sometimes plausible; but I trust that I shall
 not be accused of partiality in declining the
 translation, when I declare that there are in-
 delicacies in his book, which I should blush

to intrude upon the ears of modesty.—No insult to decency from me, either in an avowed or anonymous publication, shall ever

“ Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey’d virgin steal a tear.”

Vives, in his Treatise upon the Education of a Christian Woman, a work for my acquaintance with which I am likewise indebted to Bayle, wonders that there should be dancing schools allowed in the cities of Christendom, while Infidels will not suffer them; and proceeds to ask, in the same page, “ What is the good of so many leaps which the girls take, supported under the arms by their partners, to the end that they may kick up their heels the higher? What pleasure do these locusts take in tormenting themselves thus, and in spending the greatest part of a night in dancing, without being either weary or satisfied?—I am likewise informed, that the
Count

Count de Buffi Rabutin, who shewed the extent of his genius in praising the purity of Eloisa's Latinity,* in a letter to the Bishop of Autun, contained in the second part of the "Recueil des Pieces choisies," has severely condemned the use of dancing, as a very dangerous practice.—But I abominate this tedious transcription, which affords no opportunity for the exertions of fancy!

From these gloomy doctrines of morose misanthropy, from these dismal pages of inanity, let us turn to the more instructive volumes of the amiable Fenelon—and at this transition I feel the revival of a pleasure which I remember to have once experienced in Italy, when turning my eyes with horror from the crucifixion of Polycrates by Salvatore Rosa, I inadvertently fixed them upon the Aurora of Guido.

* See Essay on Pope, vol. 1. p. 317.

This

This pleasing author in many parts of his writings seems, whenever an occasion offers, to speak "con amore" of this most elegant recreation. But I must not amuse myself so long as I could wish in this shrubbery of sweets, because I have already far exceeded the narrow boundaries of my original plan. The works of Fenelon are moreover in the hands of every reader; but I cannot resist the temptation of translating that part of his first Dialogue upon Eloquence, which begins thus, "Leur danses même avoient un but sérieux; il est certain qu'ils ne dansoient pas pour le seul plaisir.—Their very dances had a serious object in view; it is well known that they did not dance for mere amusement. We perceive in the instance of David, that the Eastern nations esteemed dancing as a sober art, connected with music and poetry, by means of which the most grave and austere philosophy

infinuated

insinuated itself with smiles. It was by this happy harmonious union that pleasure became the handmaid of learning, and introduced her as a welcome guest into the society of children. All the arts which consist in melodious sounds or in elegant movements of the body, in a word, music, dancing, eloquence, and poetry, were invented to express the passions, and by the expression to inspire them.—In these few judicious and sensible lines we find every possible objection to the art removed, and its dignity vindicated by a connexion with poetry and eloquence. Should any doubts still remain, the well-known maxim in law that “*Cuiq; in sua arte credendum est*”—Every man is the best judge “of his own trade,” points out where any appeal must be made.

The consequence of the art being thus established by the joint force of argument
and

and authority, it is unnecessary to say any thing of its professors—their fame must rest upon the merit of that which they profess; and the words of Johnson upon a different occasion, seem here to be applicable—"that
 "praise is due to them who do best what such
 "multitudes are contending to do well.—A natural deduction from what has been advanced, is, that in the same rank with Newton, Locke, Milton, Shakespear, and Handel, are to be classed those respectable teachers of elegancies, the "Doctors of Dancing."—Scaliger tells us, that certain of the dignified Clergy were denominated "Præfules" a præfiliendo, from leading down the dance; a custom which in some places continues to this day.

From Castor and Pollux, who are the first dancing masters now upon record, the art was gradually advanced to that state
 which

which it attained in the person of Aristippus, grand maitre de ballet at Syracuse, in the reign of King Dionysius—he is reported to have invented the five positions, and Horace declares, that in any of them he displayed an elegant figure—

“ Omnes Aristippum decuit color et *status* et res.”

Since his time, it has by most rapid strides acquired its present perfection; and has enabled the reign of George the Third to vie with the siècle de Louis quatorre.

And here give me leave to recommend to the consideration of the literary world “ a General History of Dancing,” from its earliest origin to our own times.—Its revival together with the sister arts in the age of Leo the Tenth, will deserve particular attention.—It is not now, what modern music has with *equal injustice* been styled “ a mere science of tricks,”

K

but

but will to a speculative mind replete with fancy and genius, afford the most ample materials for the exertions of its powers, in displaying the progress of life and manners, and in pointing out the gradations by which barbarity has been civilized, grossness refined, and ignorance instructed.

Before I conclude, it may not be improper to remove any unintended prejudice, which an occasional reader may have imbibed from what has been here advanced—he will find, that in the foregoing pages that sex which he has been accustomed to consider as the gentlest and most amiable part of the creation, is distinguished by a violence which seems to be more particularly characteristic of our own—I should grieve if either an accidental or perverse misconstruction of terms, should give to my words a meaning which they never were intended to express.

Atter-

Atterbury ingeniously observes, that Virgil in his twelfth book seems to have wounded Æneas for no other purpose than to introduce Japis for his cure.—This part appears to have been a favorite with the poet, and is finished by him with the warmest fondness of expression.—Perhaps a reason, in some respects similar, may have induced me to throw a blemish upon a beautiful piece, that in expatiating on a single defect, I might have opportunities of examining a thousand perfections.—Virgil, in describing the character of this amiable physician, is supposed to have had Antonius Musa in view, and to have written no less under the inspiration of friendship than of poetry—if in what now remains to be said, I should sometimes speak in terms of more than usual rapture I draw my ideas from some nameless fair-one, whose accomplishments have taught me to revere her sex.

Rochefocault and Swift have shrewdly observed, that "human nature is resentful in the same proportion as she is grateful." This maxim, founded on a thorough knowledge of life and manners, sufficiently apologizes for that irritability of temper, which I should tremble even to hint as forming a distinguishing ingredient of female composition, if I did not recollect, that its foundation was laid in that delicate sensibility which is the source of every virtue. The same fervor of imagination and warm vehemence of constitution which exposes the heart to occasional irregularities, fits it for the reception of every quality that is generous or amiable—Those genial rays which ripen the poisons of the East, in the same regions mellow the tamarind, and sweeten the citron, which would have perished in the soil of a colder climate.—But to point, as has been observed, with Gothic triumph at these overflowings
of

of faculties which they never enjoyed, has ever been the sovereign consolation of the dull—unconscious that they are indebted for the consistency of their conduct to the weakness of their intellects, they foolishly attribute it to their strength; and pride themselves in an imaginary virtue, which is at best but negative, and consists in the mere absence of vice.

“These want, as thro’ life’s blank they drowse
along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.”

Sheltered under the shield of apathy, they vegetate through an allotted series of years, in one undeviating tenor of worthless regularity, which neither does honor to the head or to the heart—

“For such the fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain :

The

Their life a long dead calm of fixt repose,
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows."

Discovering no other symptom of alacrity, than in the detection of trivial foibles, they awkwardly smear the caustic over a whole body, when they would apply it to a cankered spot—Like the Harpies of the *Æneid*, they pollute whatever they touch, "Contactu
"omnia fædant immundo."—Flattered with what they deem an acknowledgment of the just severity of their rebukes, they totally forget, that

"Fate never wounds so deep the feeling heart,
As when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

But peace to such wretches, who have unworthily occupied a page, which was reserved for a nobler subject; and who compel me to circumscribe within narrow limits those few remaining observations, which might otherwise

wife have wandered into an unjustifiable exuberance.

That sex which, I fear, I may have been suspected of treating with unbecoming freedom, is in most respects superior to our's.—In works of genius and of taste they infinitely exceed us—that education which deprives them of learning, abundantly compensates the defect while it softens their tenderness and sharpens their imagination—they are emissaries from Heaven to humanize and polish us—in their society we acquire virtues unattainable by any other means; for as the magnet, without detracting from its own force, can communicate to other bodies the power of attraction, so the female sex, without any diminution of its own excellence, can impart to our's that sensibility of heart, and delicacy of sentiment, which give so inexpressible a zest to philosophy and science.

This

This truth has been beautifully exemplified by Dryden in the tale of Cymon and Iphigenia, which he improved from Boccace.—In Cymon is represented a being nearly immerfed in idiotifm; till struck with the charms of Iphigenia, his ideas began gradually to expand, and the rays of her beauty ftill operating on his foul, he was at length refined into man.—These are thy powers,

“O faireft of creation, laft and beft

Of all God's works, creature in whom excell'd

Whatever can to fight or thought be form'd—

Holy, divine, good, amiable, or fweet!”

Par. Loft.

B I N I S.

20 JY 64

